ELEGIE

On the Death of our late Soveraign

King WILLIAM

WHat Direful, Dismal, Mourning's this doth fill
My afflicted Ears, the blood doth now distill
From my pain'd Heart, Ah! My Prophetick fear,
Britains Great Royal King, now Dead, I hear:
Come Poets all, your forces joyn in one,
Fetch Fancies fresh, refin'd from *Helicon*;
Invoke your Muses, from the dregs them drain
Of Vulgar Poems, in a lofty strain,
The Mourning Dress, soar up a pitch more high
Then fork'd *Parnass*, surmount the tow'ring Skie.
Call *Homer's* Ghost, and all the shrill mouth'd Quire
Of Poets Ghosts, to Tune your Mournfull Lyre:
But what to do, what Fancie e're can reach?
What Brain conceive? what fluent Tongue can Preach?
What Words are fit? what Stile enough sublime?
What Poet sing? what Orator so fine
Can cloath His Phrases in a fitting Dress,
Wherewith he may, the matchless worth express
Or yet, sufficiently deplore the Loss,
Great, to the extream Degree, of Him who was
Great *Britains* Unmatch'd Glory, *Europe's* Prope,
The *French* King's Terrour, all true Christians Hope,
Tutelar Angel of distressed States,
Unequal'd here, in all his Martial Feats,
Sublimest Soul, the most refined Extract
Of Sp'rits Heroick, Virtue in the Abstract,
Great Soul of Valour, *Mars* his Lineal Son,
From a long Stemm of Princely Heroes sprung,
Whose Great and Glorious Acts, *Spain* can declare,
Holland and *Germany*, and *Flanders* fair,
What place so far remov'd doth *Phœbus* view,
Who have not had the glorious Fame of *Nassaw*.
But ah! what *Livian* Pen can truly Trace
The Princely Oak of this Heroick Race
Back to its first arising;
And there behold, from its repleniss'd Root,
Through all its Branches, to its Princely Fruit,
Such Martial and Heroick strains convey'd
By Earths sublimest Monarchs ne're outvy'd;
Or can this Princely River from its Source,
Increasing still, with Honour in its Course
Filling whole Volums with their Acts Renown'd
In each Successive Age, with Lawrels Crown'd,
Still swelling greater, as along it glides,
At length unto the *British* Ocean slides,
Mixing the Princely streams of this full Flood
With the Ocean of our Royal Lyon's Blood;
From whom, our Royal King His Birth deriv'd
Full Vein'd with Royal Blood, hath since arriv'd
To greatest Fame, and most sublime Renown,
And lastly, rightly, to Great *Britains* Crown.
Religion tottering, and our shaken Laws,
Rescuing from the *Crocodillian* Jaws
Of *Rome's* Abettors, and restoring Hope
To quell the prideful fury of the Pope:
His generous Soul, did ne're his own repose
Prefer to publick good, but still expose
His Royal Person, to the threatning harms
Of *Neptunes* Billows, and the loud alarms
Of Thundring Cannon, and inraged Sword,
From His Malicious Enemies Abroad.
Where being chosen, by the joint Applause
Of *Europe's* Princes, Champion of their Cause,
That weighty Charge, manag'd with such Good-will,
Such prudent Conduct, and such Martial Skill,
That through the Earth, Fames Trumpet did Proclaim
His Sublime and Heroick Royal Name:
But, Ah! What Pen, is able to discrive?
Or who to such a pitch, can e're arrive?
His Royal Qualities all to relate,
And His Heroick Actions, done of late:
For who the Sun, in his Meridian hight
Can view, and not be dazled with his light.
Let *Homer* sing *Achilles* Elegie,
And *Virgil* he *Æneas* Deifie
Let *Græcians* boast of *Alexander's* Fame,
And *Romans* to the great *Pompey* lay claim,
Scipio's and *Cæsar's* Actions bright,
Joyn all in one, the Ballance still is light.
But whether runs my Muse, where wilt thou close,
The more the Worth, the greater is the loss:
Then turn thy strain, and in a mournfull Verse,
Straw Brinish Tears, about this Royal Hearse.
Sun, Vail thy Beams, refuse to lend thy light
To the pale Sister Empress of the Night;
Ye glist'ring Tapours of that spangled Spheres,
Drop from your Stations, bear each one your shares,
Mellifluous Chanters of the Airy Quire,
Your Notes reverse, and Tune your mournful Ire;
You Trees and Shrubs, your Willows now put on,
This is no *March*, our Winter yet comes on;
Brittain bow down, all pleasant Mirth disown,
Lament all *Europe's* Loss, lament your own;
Heroick Kings and Princes, Son of *Mars*,
See how your Glory fadeth as the Grass,
Your awfull Scepters low, and Pomp sublime,
And from your dazling hights, your selves decline;
Surround his Royal Hearse in Rueful Black,
Who of Heroick Souls was the Extract.
Come Nobles, Gentles, Commons, all unite,
Let rueful Mourning, dismal sorrows meet.
But, Ah! Now Brinish Tears doth dim my Sight,
I cannot look on this Transcendent Light;
This Earthly Diadem, he doth disown,
And hath Exchang'd it, for a Heavenly Crown.